

CITIES OF THE NORTH NORTH-EAST NORTH-WEST

ARE BEST REACHED VIA THE

Evansville & Terre Haute RR

2 THROUGH TRANSFER CARS FROM NEW ORLEANS TO CHICAGO

JEFFRIES & P. A. DILLMANN, S. A. EVANSVILLE, IND. NASHVILLE, TENN.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD

Time Table in effect July 1, 1908.

LOUISVILLE AND MEMPHIS DIVISION

North Bound—No. 301

Leave New Orleans 7:00 am 9:00 am

Memphis 10:00 am 11:00 am

Paducah 12:00 pm 1:00 pm

Chicago 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

South Bound—No. 302

Leave Chicago 7:00 am 9:00 am

Paducah 10:00 am 11:00 am

Memphis 12:00 pm 1:00 pm

New Orleans 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

Leave Paducah 7:00 am 9:00 am

Memphis 10:00 am 11:00 am

New Orleans 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

Leave Louisville 7:00 am 9:00 am

Paducah 10:00 am 11:00 am

Chicago 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

South Bound—No. 303

Leave Chicago 7:00 am 9:00 am

Paducah 10:00 am 11:00 am

Memphis 12:00 pm 1:00 pm

New Orleans 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

Leave Paducah 7:00 am 9:00 am

Memphis 10:00 am 11:00 am

New Orleans 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

Leave Louisville 7:00 am 9:00 am

Paducah 10:00 am 11:00 am

Chicago 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

South Bound—No. 304

Leave Chicago 7:00 am 9:00 am

Paducah 10:00 am 11:00 am

Memphis 12:00 pm 1:00 pm

New Orleans 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

Leave Paducah 7:00 am 9:00 am

Memphis 10:00 am 11:00 am

New Orleans 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

Leave Louisville 7:00 am 9:00 am

Paducah 10:00 am 11:00 am

Chicago 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

South Bound—No. 305

Leave Chicago 7:00 am 9:00 am

Paducah 10:00 am 11:00 am

Memphis 12:00 pm 1:00 pm

New Orleans 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

Leave Paducah 7:00 am 9:00 am

Memphis 10:00 am 11:00 am

New Orleans 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

Leave Louisville 7:00 am 9:00 am

Paducah 10:00 am 11:00 am

Chicago 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

South Bound—No. 306

Leave Chicago 7:00 am 9:00 am

Paducah 10:00 am 11:00 am

Memphis 12:00 pm 1:00 pm

New Orleans 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

Leave Paducah 7:00 am 9:00 am

Memphis 10:00 am 11:00 am

New Orleans 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

Leave Louisville 7:00 am 9:00 am

Paducah 10:00 am 11:00 am

Chicago 3:00 pm 4:00 pm

South Bound—No. 307

Leave Chicago 7:00 am 9:00 am



WE

are particularly careful in the handling of colored goods, handling each in such a way that even eyes which are not warranted fast will not fade.

Star Steam Laundry.

J. W. YOUNG & SON, Proprietors.

120 North 4th St. Levee Block.

PENSIONS!

JAMES A. WOODWARD

United States War Claim Agent and Notary Public

FOR A JOKE, OR FOR NECESSITY



all are interested. A subject in which there is general interest is the subject of pensions.

U. S. B. LEITCH

223 Broadway

Matil Effinger & Co

Undertakers and embalmers.

130 S Third

BUILT OF MARBLE.

A Boom Town in Canada That Is Now Deserted.

"It was assistant engineer on the Ontario & Quebec railway, a branch of the Canadian Pacific railway," said an engineer in Tacoma, "and in running our preliminary lines one of them touched Bridgewater, Ontario, a deserted town that was the personification of Oliver Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village'.

"Bridgewater was brought into existence by one of the strangest gold finds and crazes in the history of this continent.

"Nearly 25 years ago a farmer's wife was searching the woods surrounding their farm for a sow that had strayed, and becoming thirsty, stopped to get a drink from the spring.

Slipping she fell against a small, loose rock, which rolled to her feet, and which proved to be a twenty-pound nugget of almost pure gold.

Bridgewater at that time was almost 10 miles from the nearest railroad, and the present site of the town was nothing but a wilderness, but the effect of that accidental find of gold, the farmer's wife was such that inside of six months the what had been a burned over barren wilderness was converted into a substantial city of nearly 5,000 people.

"In digging a shaft about a mile south of the town site, on the claim of Billia Finne, a life senator of Canada, an immense quarry of the purest white marble was discovered, and, at the suggestion of the senator, the town of Bridgewater was practically built of marble, for it has to-day the only hotel, church, school, courthouse and private dwellings constructed entirely of white marble in the world, and a mile north of the town are an abandoned factory and grist mill whose foundations are built of the same beautiful material.

"During the building of the town thousands of men prospected the entire country, and shafts and tunnels were driven—some of them nearly 100 feet, but strange as it may seem, there was never enough gold found to pay the cost of a single shaft or tunnel sunk or run in the entire district.

So excited did the farmers around Bridgewater become that some of them actually hired guards to keep them from going on their land to pick up gold. Pat Kehoe, an old Irishman, who owned 100 acres of rock-strewn, barren land, was offered \$125,000 for his holding, but held out for \$150,000. To-day you could buy the property for probably \$150.

"One rancher, whose farm adjoined 'Aladdin's Cave,' the place where the original nugget was found, sold five acres to an English syndicate for \$100,000, and it is an established fact that the syndicate spent as much more developing their claim, as everything was very costly, all material having to be hauled nearly 50 miles, over rough roads, and they did not get a single ounce of free gold out of their purchase, but they mined some quartz—about 100 tons—shipped it to the states, and, in return, got a bill from the smelting company for \$300 for smelting charges over and above the gold in the quartz. This was the first, and I believe the last, shipment of quartz ever made, as the cost of hauling, shipping and smelting was \$150 a ton more than the rock produced."

Portland Oregonian.

50c may save your life—Plantation

Chill Cure has saved thousands.

PLANTATION CHILL CURE is Guaranteed.

D. A. YEISER, Wholesale Agent.

Doctors' Prescriptions

Are given prompt and careful attention by experienced graduates in pharmacy when entrusted to our care.

Our Immense Stock

Enables us to give you "just what the doctor orders."

Prompt Delivery

We deliver medicines or prescriptions promptly to any part of the city.

DEHLSCHLAGER & WALKER

DRUGGISTS

FROM PONCE, PORTO RICO.

Mr. Joe Sinnott Writes an Interesting Letter to His Brother Here—Life in Porto Rico and How He Liked it.

Orderly Sinnott Is Now En Route Home on the Steamer—He Will Arrive in New York Shortly.

The following letter has been received from Mr. Joe Sinnott, who is an orderly with Gen. Wilson, and who set sail from Ponce with the command a few days ago for this country. It is to his brother, and will be found very interesting reading:

CAMP NEAR PONCE, August 26, 1898.

Dear Brother: Your welcome letter was received yesterday and read with much pleasure.

We left Ponce Sunday afternoon at 7:30 o'clock, August 7, and took the military road to San Juan. The wagon train containing Gen. Wilson and staff's baggage went with us, and of course our march was slow.

After several break-downs, Maj. Craig decided to camp for the night on the roadside, about two miles from Juan Diaz, but Gen. Wilson and staff pushed on to the latter place and stopped for the night, where we joined them at 4 o'clock the next morning, and after two hours' steady riding, we made camp to prepare for the battle of Cosmo.

We were aroused at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, and after a light breakfast of bacon, hard tack and coffee, we rode out of camp with the general and staff. We rode straight out the San Juan road for two miles, to where Maj. Lancaster's battalion of artillery was stationed.

After a short consultation with Brig. Gen. Ernst, the artillery was placed in an open field and the guns trained on a block house about a half mile away, situated on a small hill. We were sitting on our horses just to the right of the guns, and at 7:30 o'clock the general gave the signal and the first gun was fired. It was immediately answered by a volley of Mauser bullets, and at last we were under fire. The volley did no damage, and after a few moments our gunners got the range. After they had dropped three or four cartridges into the block house, the Spaniards beat a hasty retreat.

I was then ordered by Gen. Wilson to go to the top of a large hill and see if I could locate a battalion of the Second Wisconsin, which was late in coming up. It was not in sight, and as I was ordered to report at the block house if I failed to sight the battalion, I rode there at once and joined the general. After making my report, we moved through the woods by a mountain trail, accompanied by a guide.

When very close to the city (Cosmo) we heard sharp firing to our left. We put our horses in a gallop, and it was a race to get there in time to get a shot.

Just as we came up, the Sixteenth Pennsylvania advanced and the enemy retreated, firing as they went. We rode to within good pistol range and emptied our revolvers twice. The rest was of short duration. Their flag came down and our troops went into the city. General Wilson and his staff and five orderlies (Zack B. and myself among the number) rode down the principal street to the Spanish commandant's quarters, the troops being drawn up on both sides of the street at a present arms, and the American flag on top of the government building with a soldier on either side at present arms. As we came through the lines the general was loudly cheered by the natives, "Viva Americano" being the most prominent cry.

The Spanish commandant, one captain, two lieutenants and several privates were killed. The commandant had four Krag-Jorgensen bullets through his head.

The fight began at 7:30 o'clock, and at 10 o'clock I was on my way back to our former camp, with orders to move everything to Cosmo as once; but it was 6 o'clock before we started back, and 12 o'clock before we arrived. We camped at the plaza that night. I slept on the pavement, and it was the best bed I had since leaving Ponce.

The next morning (Wednesday)

we made a camp about half a mile from the city and had a good time resting up until Thursday afternoon, when the artillery, accompanied by the Second Wisconsin, moved against Albolito, a mountain pass of wonderful natural and artificial strength.

We were stationed at the bottom of the hill, with the artillery, which opened fire on several cannon at the top of the hill. They answered at once, and were backed by a rain of Mauser bullets from the Spanish infantry in their rifle pits, which were to the right of the artillery. The artillery did us no damage, but the infantry fire wounded two men. Our artillery fire was too hot for them, and their artillery retreated, but the infantry kept up a well-directed fire for some minutes, compelling us to continually shift our positions (some of these bullets came uncomfortably close), but our artillery finally got the range, and they retired.

A shell from one of the Spanish guns burst about twenty feet from me, in the center of a group of men, killing two and wounding three.

Our ammunition gave out, and as it was dark, the general decided to withdraw until morning.

When we got back to camp the message from President McKinley to cease operations was waiting for the general.

We have done nothing of interest since then.

This is one of the prettiest countries I ever saw. All along the roads great palm trees, lime trees loaded with fruit, mangoes and tropical flowers in abundance, go to make one of the prettiest sights you ever saw.

The climate is not so warm as one would think, on account of the mountains. Of course this is the rainy season, but I have heard that from October to April this island is a perfect paradise.

We are camped near Ponce, but I expect we will move into the city in a few days.

Well, I will close, as I believe I have told you every thing of interest.

Your devoted brother,

Joe.

You take no risk on Plantation Chill Cure, as it is guaranteed to cure.

A BORN COWARD.

An Eminent Dramatic Critic Makes This Strange Confession.

We were talking together in a club corner, says the Boston Journal.

There was peace, for the chief horses were all down town, and the general had not yet arrived, expectant of cock-tail.

Mr. Bludner, the eminent dramatic critic, who is popularly supposed to live chiefly on raw meat and New England rum, put his hand on our knee and made the following confession:

"My great-grandfather, a man of handsome property, raised a regiment at the breaking out of the revolutionary war and fought in several battles. He was finally accused of criminal cowardice—they say the accused was a personal enemy. He demanded an investigation, but before his innocence could be established he was captured by the British in an engagement, and he died a prisoner.

"Great is the power of a lasting curse of heredity! My dear boy, tell you in confidence, I firmly believe that the charge was true, that my great-grandfather Hezekiah was a coward.

And for this reason: Cowardice has ruined my life; it has also saved me. As a boy I was afraid of fire, of flood, of loneliness, of ghosts. I would not join any sport; I feared lest I should be hurt. I could not learn to swim or skate—and the reason was nothing but fear. Thus I grew up timorous, pale, sickly. Even now I would not sleep alone in a flat. Even now I dislike to go upstairs in the dark, for I am sure that some hand will clutch my ankle, and I hear strange ironical chuckling in the shadows. In the country I cannot bear the view of the sky at night, and, oh, the irony of it!

As a dramatic critic I am, I am afraid, cursed for the 'cowardice' of my opinions. Man, dear, this 'cowardice' is a colossal bluff. I do not sign my articles, and I give as a reason, 'the managing editor does not believe in the power of a signature.' I feel that I am merely a part of a big machine, without personal responsibility. I slash away and cut and carve and use the bludgeon, rejoicing insolently in anonymity. As a reward, I hear myself described as a 'brave fellow'—one who is not afraid to say what he thinks—'you can't buy his opinion.' If I were obliged to sign a dramatic review I should follow the formula of a certain western critic, who writes invariably of any actor: 'He done poble, and the brilliant audience went home well pleased with his evening's entertainment.'

"In reality I am the shyest of men. Here I am drinking New England rum. And why? I don't enjoy it. I drink it to give me artificial courage—for I must see a new American play this evening—and to round out the impression of vigor and boldness. At home I drink weak tea with a great deal of sugar. I know you will not believe this confession. You will call me a mock modest. I know that my great-grandfather must have been a coward, and there is one that knows my cowardice—she is my wife. And with this remark Mr. Bludner, the eminent and fearless dramatic critic, called for another New England rum and water.

Cloth of Wonderful Durability.

The cloth of the old Egyptians was so good that, although it was wrappings for thousands of years as wrappings of the mummies, the Arabs of to-day wear it. It is all of linen, the ancient Egyptians considering wool unclean.—Leisure Hours.

BREAD

IS THE STAFF OF LIFE

CONSEQUENTLY HAVE IT

PURE

Diploma

FLOUR IS ABSOLUTELY PURE

Every barrel, half barrel, sack or package guaranteed to be made FROM PURE SOFT RED WINTER WHEAT—none finer. All first-class retail grocers sell it. Best families buy it. YOUR MONEY BACK if not as represented.

NEWS OF THE RIVERS.

Cairo, 13.1, rising.

Chattanooga, 8.8, falling.

Cincinnati, 8.7, rising.

Evansville, 6.5, falling.

Florence, 9.6, falling.

Johnsonville, 16.5, rising.

Louisville, 5.7, rising.

Memphis, 10.6, rising.

Paducah, 10.6, rising.

Pittsburg, 6.5, rising.

St. Louis, 6.8, rising.

The City of Sheffield will report here tomorrow from St. Louis for Tennessee river.

The City of Paducah is due out of Tennessee river tonight.

Capt. Frank Farnley, of the towboat Wash Henshaw, was in the city yesterday looking hale and hearty. He stated that nine steamboats were lying at Goose Island around, besides a number of barges.

Don't forget the steamer Tennessee leaves this afternoon at 5 o'clock for Florence and all way landings.

The Dick Fowler left for Cairo on this morning with fair business.

The new steamer City of Memphis, of the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet line, will arrive here next Monday morning. Capt. Koger will bring her out. She is said to be a very handsome and elegant boat. She will receive a portion of her outfit here.

Next Monday is circus day at Metropolis. The Dick Fowler George Cowling and J. N. White, are offering very low rates.

The John S. Hopkins, from Evansville, was detained by fog several hours, which delayed her arrival. She reported here at 2 p. m.; departed 3:30 p. m., on her return trip.

River rising. This has been a remarkably favorable year for steamboat navigation. The rivers have been "wide open" and all boats have profited by it.

The Cincinnati, Memphis and New Orleans Packet company, it is reported, will charter the steamers Maydower and P. D. Staggs in a few days and place them in the Cincinnati and Memphis trade.

The following figures show the business that the big boats do: The State of Kansas arrived at New Orleans on Thursday with 6,325 packages of freight, after discharging 12,265 packages at 103 landings below Memphis.

Captain Fred Dippold, of the towboat Dick Fulton, has kept a record of the coal load during the year ending September, 1898, between Pittsburgh and New Orleans. It footed up forty-nine barges and eighty-seven coal boats—these were a total loss. Sixteen of these coal boats and fourteen barges were lost in storms and eight coal boats by high water. It was the most disastrous year the river coal operators of Pittsburgh ever experienced. In addition to the coal lost Captain Dippold has in his list two barges of rails and two barges of Pittsburgh manufactured goods.

Steamboating in the early days, about the year 1830, was still in its infancy. In 1811 the first steamboat was launched on the western waters. The speed was very slow, it taking from twenty-five to thirty days to make the trip from New Orleans, La., to Louisville. The steamboats had much trouble owing to the innumerable snags and sawyers in the channel. It was not until 1830 that the government began to extract the snags. In the fall of 1816 the steamboat Washington, under command of Captain Shreve, made the first voyage ever made to New Orleans and back to Louisville by steam and in March, 1817, she started on another trip and made the time to New Orleans and back in forty-one days and the succeeding voyage in twenty-five days. A public dinner was given to the captain by the citizens of Louisville at which he predicted that the day was not far distant when the trip would be made in ten days. It has been made in less than ten days.

Go to Lagomarsino's for a nice large ice cold beer.

GOES TO LOUISVILLE.

Mr. Robert E. Rudolph, for several years past with Brunson & Co., the florist, has accepted a position with Chas. W. Reimer & Co., at Louisville, well known florists, and left last night to take the place. He is a well known and able young man, and will no doubt meet with the success he deserves in his new home.

For Cure Constipation, Worms, Etc., Take Chamberlain's Candy Cathartic. See or Write for C. C. Hall to your druggist or nearest grocer.

COLORED DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Lawrence James, of Florence, Ala., has been in the city several days.

Mrs. B. L. White, (nee Dunlap,) of St. Louis, is in the city the guest of Mrs. William Miller, 828 South Fifth street. She is here for the purpose of erecting a monument over her mother's grave, Mrs. Ellen M. Buckner.

It is rumored that a young lady on South Sixth street and one of the waiters at the Palmer house will wed next week.

LITTLE FOLKS BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Little Miss Seelen Tally, of 824 North Tenth street, gave a birthday party yesterday afternoon in honor of her 8th anniversary. It was one of the most enjoyable little folk affairs of the season. A string band, discoursed sweet music for the delight of the little ones, and all had a jolly good time. Little Miss Tally received quite a number of valuable presents. Dainties were served in abundance. The following little folks were present:

Misses Wanda Daniels, Eva Slayden, Druce Slayden, Rosie May Caldwell, Bonnie Jenkins, Emma Douglas, Ada Clark, Marie Radd, Birdie Huffman, Rosie Lee Moody, Ollie Wilson, Helen Clark, Nannie Jefferson, Mable Edwards, Parthenia and Arlene Blanks, Obeldia Adams, Willie Graham and Seelen Tally.

Masters Costella Fouqua, Marshall Fitzgerald, Faith Divine, Jessie Clark, James Mitchell and Jesse Powell.

Elder L. B. Sims, P. E., left yesterday for Pryorsburg and Wingo, Ky., where he will be gone until his return.

Elder H. A. Stewart, P. E., will hold his fourth and last quarterly conference at the Husbands street C. M. E. church this evening and tomorrow.

There will be services at all the churches tomorrow as usual.

Mrs. Silas Kivel and little daughter, Susie, returned to the city yesterday after spending a portion of the summer in the Windy City.

Rev. W. D. Morris, the organizer for the Charitable Bible Band Union, will be on the road in a few days in the interest of that new organization. He will visit several points in the state and is very hopeful of the work in the future.

The No. 1 club of North Eighth street will run an excursion to Metropolis, Ill., next Monday evening; 25c round trip, children under 12 years 15c; the occasion being the big Ringling Bros' circus. J. A. Porter, Manager. The steamer Bettie Owen will carry the excursion and leaves at 6:30 p. m. 1043

The Freewill Baptist will hold services tomorrow at the corner of Eighth and Adams streets, at 11 o'clock a. m., 3 o'clock and 8 o'clock p. m.

Mr. Albert Glass and Mrs. Mary Taber were united in marriage last evening at 9 o'clock at the residence of the groom, 1107 North Fourteenth street. Rev. W. E. Glover united the happy pair. Mr. Glass is janitor of Longfield building on Fifth street between Court and Broadway. The bride is well known, having been in the city about one year. Quite a few of their friends were present, and a most delightful time was had. The Sex wishes them a happy lot through life.

A CONSIDERATE SCHEME.